

MACLEAN'S 20¢

Canada's National Magazine

June 18 1966

The divers' story: how we found the

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How children learn to live with
ALCOHOLIC PARENTS



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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

JUNE 18 1986

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 12

HOW THE PHARMACISTS WILL FIGHT MEDICARE

Pharmacists have hoped that the new Medicare bill for 1986 would be a win-win for both sides. But the drug industry has been busy with its own agenda. The new bill will not be passed until the end of the year. The industry has been busy with its own agenda. The new bill will not be passed until the end of the year.

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Photo courtesy of the author. Photo by the author.

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THE TROUBLE WITH HELPING THE METIS

Metis' young Alberta and Saskatchewan — and some Metis are hurt.

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Photo by the author.

"GOD" WAS A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW

In the beginning was Tyrone Guthrie: he created the Stratford Festival. Then Michael Langham inherited his flamboyant mantle, and it didn't fit.

But for 11 years this quiet man most Canadians don't know has been Stratford's undisputed monarch. Here's why

BY JON RUDY

Arms poised dramatically skyward, Michael Langham strides Stratford's stage to show how he wants a scene played, while directing a rehearsal of "Henry V" (above). Then with brow wrinkling concentration, he presides over stage-business ideas from actor John Byrne (right).



THE FIRST THING you notice about Michael Langham, the creative director of the Stratford Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario — he is a very relevant person. That is to say he is not interested in passing across any sort of image of Michael Langham. Classical theater's halcyon Roy Windsor. Maybe that's why everyone found it so surprising on April 11, the last day of rehearsals for the current fourteenth Stratford season when Langham gathered everybody — cast, stage crew, technicians, personnel, carpenters, bookkeepers, fixers, everybody — into the theater and drilled up on the steps and delivered a scolding talk about common politeness to his troupe less than the first act of *Henry V*. He said about many people trying to run a mark, many roads leading to one thing, many mistakes flowing into one set, and so on. "Wise men know," he said to an actor when Langham had finished. One of the best things

about what a danger to his face and indeed every last inch an impression that "we're busy at work" is gathered together here in the theater, together around the world's finest dress stage that is the after of Stratford together with Langham, together in Stratford. And, when it was over and Langham had wrapped down, didn't someone in the clerk or someone who had once made the theater of Denmark out of physical debt someone feel a slight growing up to say a hymn?

Michael Langham speaking: "Stratford is a place, a place of worship, and I don't mean that in the least bit seriously. It is a place where we can see life without the pressure of technology where we can show ourselves, we can show each other, but with the value of our common journey. The center of existence — the belief in God — is gone for the majority of mankind. We seek something to take its place, or we put ourselves in, and

Mundus on it means to me that the theater may turn out to be a different kind of God."

Well, that's the way he feels about it, and that is the kind of attitude that permeates Stratford under his leadership. He is quiet, almost repressed. He writes and directs and so on, but he has long ago said it will be silent. He is not interested in personal publicity, but he is not afraid to talk about anything he has ever done — for example some repeated experiences he has had in Greece — and everything he has ever done talked about or thought about is all tied up with his mission on earth, which is the interpretation of good and great play written so lately William Shakespeare.

"I once Goshaw created himself, but Langham created and he created it — which says he is even stronger accomplishment."

—John Roth, artistic director

Goshaw's Moment Theater Chicago

A busy thing / continued on page 10

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN RUDY

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DIVORCE, MEXICAN STYLE

Instant bachelorhood: a door marked "Privada," a queue in a threadbare office, signatures, a judge's handshake and—presto!—you're single!

"You're A Damn"

It begins with three lost words. And it ends at twilight with the last fatal shot to be fought in Canada. Two men first, one died — for a woman neither loved
BY DOUGLAS STARRSHALL

IN A CHURCH 100 FEET BACK ON THE HILL, Thursday afternoon in June 1815, two young law students stood about ten yards apart, glaring at each other down the barrels of heavy percussion muskets. One, facing south, the other north, the students of Perth a village about forty miles southwest of Niagara Falls (Ontario) and the situation, once for all, set off what was "honor" men's business.

In the first place, the opposites were fiercely out of their skin. In the second, they were close friends. And in the third, their goal was not only to win a duels, which — so notorious as to be, equally infamous — about the character of a young lady whose mother of them particularly cared for in the case.

The youths lived independently and both were afraid their match — possibly deliberately, possibly not by accident the whole affair should have ended there. What passed for honor should have been settled, and leaving all feelings aside, they were both needed away in remote of study (the Perth clerical was famous for an engaged Mountain view). But unfortunately for the two children a set of social forms — purely and almost purely the result of Massachusetts clergy — had managed to trap them in a real-life non-potential relationship that demanded a climax.

The plot called for death, not reconciliation. Despite the pleadings and protests of a terrified onlooker, the women's authorities rebuffed the pleas, and the duel took seriously took up their positions. The next hour "On the two sides but" (and) Again the people crowded themselves. Only one, Robert Lyon, assistant baritone, added: an excellent shot and the more capable young man in Perth, indeed as if the baritone himself felt unacceptably dead. The ball had struck his opponent's forehead and, in the anatomy of the attending physician, "just of quite through perforating the lungs."

Thus one husband and duty-duty years ago this

month ended the last fatal duel in record in Canada (none of the supplementary details have only recently been unearthed). It had followed the same exacting, except for one little twist. The young man had died. According to the last had plans of Henry Lytton, Lyon's villainous cousin, the man who should have been lying dead in the nearby house near the banks of the River Tay (an ancient Irish still marks the spot) was not lying but John Wilson, twenty, a little less handsome than Lyon, a little less tall, a little less dignified, and almost of a much greater deal.

No wonder could have created a better relation than Lytton. The son of a French-English captain who had previously married twice after the battle of Trafalgar, he was a linguist — who married second Perth looking his, in the month of one winter, he well deserved the rebuff. Quite simply Lytton — second Wilson either dead or disgraced. He naturally believed that Wilson was the man obstacle impeding the progress of his love affair with Elizabeth Hays, who had recently arrived from Britain to teach at a school where for ladies run by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Acheson. Her father had died of cholera on the way out with her and she was consequently "wanted a natural protection." The husband of and daughter Hays, Mrs. Hays, was one of the belles of Perth society.

I WAS THAT SAME society with its real respect and mutual consideration that made it possible for Lytton to manage to know enough first into a language and then into a fatal duel.

By the 1810s Perth was clearly an establishment — an upstart-English-English country town briefly settled in the heartland of Canada. Scattered and built on arbitrary military squares in 1813, it was called the most year through land grants, by about one hundred to fifty army officers and their families. These were the great victors of the Napoleonic war, the remnants of half a dozen defeated regiments including the 43rd (City) Grenadier. For two decades Perth was a Colonel Hays's garden. Generations of class and privilege at risk could not have been raised on more scrupulously of the ordered road running through the town had



Lying Scoundrel!"

have Peat Mall and the big colonel, Honorable Palace Lyon, dealing with and well-controlled, spring from the very nature of the social rank and prejudice. Wilson, by contrast, was described by a local historian as the son of a "humble farmer" of scholarly tastes but slender means who had made many sacrifices to give his son a "profession." But both were studying law (under different patronage) and in spite of their opposite backgrounds they became fast friends.

To understand how this friendship was required a necessary to grasp a world so ancient and so distant from today's society that it is hard to believe it ever existed outside the imagination of *Lawrence* (the son of the two sons available to the region of events).

Sometime in the spring of 1813 Wilson and Lyon were sent to Britain on business for their respective law offices. They met drunk and talked about the girl back home. Lyon recently arrived had a choice of his group. Mrs. Hays, he said, was in the habit of allowing him to study in "voluntary" London. Not only was the young Lytton but the girl had not changed her with his own story but in a position which no means of spirit would permit.

Lyon, in the last chance, was deliberately using Wilson to make his point. What he didn't realize was that Wilson no longer cared two pence for Mrs. Hays. He had, in his own time, fallen helplessly in love with another Perth girl — the disheveled, neglected, ignorant Joanne Lott. (Lyon, in the same time, was supposedly engaged to yet another girl, Caroline Thon, his little French cousin's friend, although Mrs. Hays, to ensure matters better, had her eye on Lyon.) Wilson apparently seized the opportunity to use himself from Mrs. Hays. He actually wrote a letter to her parents in London saying Lyon's remarks and saying this revelation forced him to abandon his marriage. ("The matter is only complicated in great of the young lady's great merit — you there in a point when God's order will be better minded," he said, and then he sent this information to himself. Soon it was all over when Mrs. Lyon had made a "disastrous" mistake about an unimportant London.

The bewitched Lyon arrived back

in Perth in full himself, and in the street and in-accounts returned from his parents. Mrs. Lytton, he was a Canadian who had been only in his last. High the help of a young French — including the young man — and 13 hours — I am concerned the cause of the problem was a remark attributed to him in a letter written by some other than his old friend John Wilson.

From Lyon was proving in periods of "the nature of his education." The first came late to him on the afternoon of June 12 in front of the town's court house. "Did Wilson write that letter?" When asked he had, and Lyon immediately landed him to the ground. Wilson turned and, looking, made some attempt to explain that Lyon was not only to blame. He turned on his heel with a quivering stick. "You're a damn lying scoundrel!" he said. "I'll not see you any more!"

IN THE next weeks had on top of a lightning blow, Wilson found himself that he felt he would never be able to hold up his head in Perth society again unless he "bought satisfaction." James Bowdoin, the lawyer to whom he was attached, later explained to a "girl" his meaning in society had been higher. He might well be obliged to the reputation here implied the matter with contempt. So a challenge was issued and they stopped.

At first Wilson was convinced that Lyon would see reason, accept his explanation and make an apology. Lyon did show some willingness to agree in a period of relative calm. Lyon changed his mind and ultimately refused to compromise. The supercilious Lyon was by now fully under the spell of his doctored friend and reveled before. There that the parties were in the stage of getting together. Lytton would send prominently this family dominated a fight. He knew that Perth was, after all, an honor-loving town. After a flurry of messages the fight was fixed for 8 p.m. the next day, June 13. (Perth at that time is now less than one hundred-and-fifty kilometers from Perth, Ontario's capital.) The meeting place was about a mile outside the village, deliberately chosen because it was just beyond the boundary of the old baronet's domain (now roughly the counties of Lanark and Clackmannan). Neither side / continued on page 52



These people lived twice, and John H. Rose (Gordon at left) lived in Perth from the "Tale of Honor" outside Perth, Ont., later in London a member of parliament and a judge of the Ontario Supreme Court.

Robert Lyon, painted into the shed in his childhood, was a handsome young law student, just the addition of a small addition to the shed where a ball from Wilson's pistol pierced his lungs.



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The men whose pictures appear on this page are some of the leaders of The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada. They come from all parts of Canada. Their highly successful men reflect the qualities that we seek and promote in all who represent this Company.

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The Mutual Life
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HEAD OFFICE: WINDSOR, ONTARIO / ESTABLISHED 1867

"It's alright
Marge,
I can march
the night
from here."



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every day,
the convenience of a
colorful extra-wide phone
at your fingertips
saves you countless steps
and minutes — get
it made up little more
Need an extra-wide phone
for your kitchen?
Call the local business
office of your
refrigerator company

MICHAEL LANGHAM
University of Illinois

time their weekly computer—the *Sección 2* Festival de Música, Teatro y Cine, and La Tercera de Nuevas Músicas—are gathering profit in several industries.

The Montreal play, too, was an eye-opening production of history, directed by Loughlin and assisted by Francoise Gaudet, who had been a member of the first Montreal production. Gaudet, who had been a member of the first Montreal production, was assisted by Loughlin and Gaudet. The play, too, was an eye-opening production of history, directed by Loughlin and assisted by Francoise Gaudet, who had been a member of the first Montreal production.

Adult Male Common Pheasant

[illegible]

One sign is the number of 1964 Landies received a phone call from Gregory Ford, asking him to go down to La Jolla, California, to talk over the use of a grant-in-aid (2000-1964) to be held by the University of California. It turned out that Ford—whose Landies describes upon an affidavit as "a hard case who really means business about his thing"—had been a sponsor of the grant since 1957. The sponsor of it was that long hair, because status, referee of the Landies, who had been a member of the staff in 1946 and he is currently involved with planning the show's work as a theater for his theater.

"I went down to La Jolla because they paid my fee," he says. Although California was a large base where all the old war birds landed, many and still heads into the Pacific. It is not the best of all. There is a great youthfulness there. I am fresh, new, I am a young man. I am a young man."

There's a lot of bad weathering in our Gray soil today, so get the shames to provide a shielded desire from both rain or sun & moisture—what else happens to be a Tynony Garden?

Langham has since married Goldberg of Chicago to design the La Jolla houses. "It was as difficult as phoning a wife," he says. "Should



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continued on page 36

What's next, Mummy?

You'll live a dash of this, a spoonful of that, a little of the other. She's learning and your kitchen will be the best class room she'll ever have. Experience will be her best teacher. We know, because it has been over 100 years. Over the years General Motors has acquired plenty of experience—making fragrant home appliances and making millions of cars, trucks and buses too. We insist on quality at every stage.

order to achieve it in the finished product. We know there's only one way to make anything—the quality way. That's why everything that General Motors makes reflects the best thinking of its designers and engineers, the proven results of extensive safety research, the finest materials and first-class workmanship. You can take General Motors quality for granted because we don't.

[illegible]

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 ...the best of heating stoves...
 ...that you can...

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PLATE 10

100

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We could fill 9 pages in Maclean's telling you what it's like with nine brewmasters.

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Carling thinks 9 heads are better than 1.